Essex County Herald.

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Little Miss Meddlesome.

Little Miss Meddlesome, scattering crumbs,
Into the library noisily comes—
Twirls off her apron, tilts open some books,
And into the work-basket, rummaging, looks.

Out go the spools, spinning over the floor;
Beeswax and needle-case stepped out before;
She tosses the tape-rule, and plays with the floss,
And says to herself, "Now, won't mamma be cross?"

Little Miss Meddlesome climbs to the shelf,
Since no one is looking, and, mischievous elf,
Pulls down the fine vases, the cuckoo clock stops,
And sprinkles the carpet with damaging drops.

She turns over the ottoman, frightens the bird,
And sees that the chairs in a medley are stirred;
Then creeps on the sofa, and all in a heap,
Drops out of her frolicsome mischief asleep.

But here comes the nurse, who is shaking her head,
And frowns at the mischief asleep on the bed;
But let's hope when Miss Meddlesome's slumber is o'er,
She may wake from good dreams and do mischief no more.

THE BAG OF GOLD.

"Money is a great trial," said the widow Peckington, impressively. "I declare I did not know what care meant before brother Gabriel died and left me all the money."

"Well, cousin Clarissa," observed George Merrilton, who was assiduously engaged in entangling the widows work to the very best or the very worst of his ability, "in case you find yourself unequal to the strain, all you have to do is to leave me the five thousand dollars."

"The first thing in the morning," went on Mrs. Peckington, unheeding Mr. Merilton's modest hint, "and the last at night, I'm thinking about it. First I put it in Deacon Eliah Horton's bank, and then I draw it out again—banks aren't noways safe nowadays. And then I buried it in the east cellar, close to the apple bin, and there came the deluging rain, and I knowed the cellar would be three inches deep in water. So up it come again, and then I could not rest in my bed for fear of fire. So I got it changed into gold, and I guess its safe enough."

"In the bottom of your big red chest?" mischievously hazarded George.

"No matter where, sir," said the widow, nodding her head.

"O, but you might tell us," persisted Merrilton. "We are all your own folks, Cora and I."

Cora Dallas sat stitching quietly in the corner—the pretty orphan whom good Mrs. Peckington had taken out of the orphan asylum "to bring up" five years before.

"I don't expect to leave you nothing," Mrs. Peckington had said, "for I've relations of my own, but I'll give you a good deestrick school education, and a decent bringing up, and a good chance to do for yourself."

And Cora has accepted the ood dame's offer with meek gratitude.

She had grown very pretty in the last few years, this solitary child of nobody. Dark-eyed, with hair full of deep chestnut golden shadows, a peach-blossom skin, where the rosy blood glowed brightly through on the slightest provocation, and a mouth like Hebe, it seemed as if nature had made a solemn compact with herself to atone for all social slights that might be cast across Cora Dalla's path.

"Well," said Mrs. Peckington, seriously, "I don't mind telling you, but mind you don't repeat it—the bag's hung half-way up the chimney, on an iron hook."

"But suppose the chimney should take fire," said Merrilton.

"It won't. I keep it well swept, and besides, if it should, it takes a pretty good heat to melt gold."

"Upon my word, cousin Clarissa," said Merrilton, "you are a second Machiavelli."

"Who in pity sake's was he?" asked Mrs. Peckington. "There's neighbor Simkins at the door—jump and let him in, Cora, for it's beginning to snow like all possessed."

And neighbor Simkins came in—a broad-faced, jovial agriculturist, who lived on the next farm, and was suspected of matrimonial designs on the heart of widow Peckington.

"Set by, Mr. Simkins," said the widow, hospitably, putting another moss-fringed log on the fire; "seems like we're going to have another spell of weather."

And while the widow and her middle-aged lover discussed the weather, George took occasion to help Cora get down half a bushel of red apples from the garret, and was unnecessarily long about it, too.

"I should think you would be ashamed of yourself, George Merrilton," said Cora, dimpling and blushing, and trying to look very angry, in which she succeeded but indifferently.

"What for?" audaciously demanded George. "One doesn't get behind the garret door with a pretty girl every day in the year.

"What would Mrs. Peckington say?"

"I dare say she's doing the very same thing herself down stairs with Jehorum Simkins."

And Cora burst out laughing at the preposterous idea, just as the widow came in to bustle around after quince jelly and apple butter, and to tell Cora to mix up a batch of muffins, for neighbor Simkins was going to stay to tea.

And then Mr. Simkins took his leave with a roguish twinkle of his eye towards the young people, and Mrs. Peckington went over to spend the evening with Mrs. Dottleford, her pet crony, and Cora sat all alone in the fire-light, sewing and sighing and thinking. For George Merrilton had gone home early to secure Mr. Simkins' companionship a part of the way through the lonely roads which already were becoming veiled in snow.

The tall old-fashioned clock in the angle of the old-fashioned kitchen chimney had just struck midnight, when Cora Dallas was roused from her sleep by a sheeted form at the foot of her bed—tall and narrow, clad in white—but no ghost nevertheless, but Mrs. Peckington's self.

"What's the matter?" cried Cora, breathlessly.

"My money!" gasped the widow, waving her hand tragically in the air.

"But what of it?"

"It's stolen!"

"Are you sure?" eagerly demanded Cora.

"As sure as I am that you're staring at me now. I felt up chimney for it the last thing afore I got ready to go to bed, and—it was gone."

In vain proved all search. Neither up chimney, nor down cellar, nor in any imaginable or unimaginable corner was the bag of gold pieces to be found.

"Mrs. Peckington," said Cora, huskily, "it must have been stolen."

"Yes," said Mrs. Peckington, whose lips were now compressed, and there was something in her manner that Cora never before noticed, as she called the white-headed farm boy, and told him to run over and ask Farmer Simkins to step to the Peckington place that morning.

"And you may as well stop for George Merrilton, as you come back," said she.

When he was gone she came close up to Cora Dallas.

"Cora," said she, "we two are alone together now, and I am the last one to be hard on you. Confess now, and we'll see how the matter can be cleared up."

Cora opened wide her brown eyes.

"Confess what?" she asked, innocently.

"That you took the money; there was no one else that could have done it. You were here all alone yesterday evening, and I know it was a strong temptation to a gal that never had five dollars of her own in the world. Cora, you're young, child, and I don't believe you're altogether bad, but Satan sifts us all as wheat, and—"

"Stop!" cried Cora, growing white and breathless; "you suspect me—you think I am a thief! Mrs. Peckington, may God forgive you; forgive you for your very cruel suspicion!"

Mrs. Peckington was silent. She knew not how she could help the impression which so strongly bore upon her mind. Who but Cora Dallas could have taken the missing gold?

"George, George!" gasped the poor girl, flitting up to him as for safety, as the door opened and the stalwart form of George Merrilton appeared; "she believes that I stole the money; you do not think so, do you?"

George Merrilton's eyes sparkled nervously.

"Cousin Clarissa, I would stake my life on Cora's innocence."

Mrs. Peckington shook her head.

"It looks very ugly for her," she said, "but of course if she can prove it—"

"It needs no proof in my eyes," said George, quietly, as he drew Cora's arm within his. "There, little one, don't tremble so, and look so wonderfully frightened—no one shall dare harm you as long as I am by your side."

"But where's Mr. Simkins?" asked the widow, missing her strongest ally in this hour of need.

"If you please ma'am," said the white-headed farm boy, "he had gone away suddenly to Allenville at four o'clock this morning to see his father, as he had a stroke, and they don't expect him back not until the last of next week.

Mrs. Peckington stood undecided.

"At all events," she said, turning to Cora Dallas, "you can't expect shelter under my roof no longer. I didn't look for such treatment from you."

"Cousin Clarissa," said Merrilton bravely, "I love Cora Dallas, and I stand here to espouse her cause. You may sue her if you like."

"I shan't do that," said the widow, "least wise not until Jehorum Simkins comes home to advise me what's best."

"But," went on George Merrilton, "I shall make her my wife this very day, in order that I can offer her a home in place of the one in which you so cruelly deprived her."

The widow, albeit naturally a kind-hearted woman, fired up at this.

"Of course I've nothing to say," she said, "if you choose to marry a thief--"

But she stopped here—the upblazing fire in Merrilton's eyes admonished her to go no further.

It was lonely enough those cold winter days, sitting at her fireside, the money gone, the merry sound of George Merrilton's voice silent, and Cora's bright presence vanished.

"If I should be wrong in 'sposing she took it," she said to herself, "I should be dreadful sorry to think of all the ugly names I called her—but I don't see as there can possibly be any doubt to it. Any way, Jehorum will advise me, when he comes."

And on the dusky edge of Saturday night Farmer Simpins came.

"I never was so glad to see anybody in all my born days," said Mrs. Peckington, impulsively jumping up from her seat—and she told him the story of the vanished bag of gold, before he had a chance to deposit his portly bulk upon the chair she hospitably drew forward.

Mr. Simpkins turned doll red—then a tallow white—got up and sat down again, and finally dragged a leather bag from the recess of his butternut-colored coat-tail.

"I never'll play off a practical joke again, blamed ef I do," he ejaculated; "for I declare to gracious, I hadn't any idea of the mischief I was a doin'! Here's your money, Clarissy—I heard you tell the folks where it was as I was a scrapin' the snow off my feet under the window, that night, and I reached it down just for a joke, when you was gone to see about the supper. I meant to have brought it back the next morning, and have a good laugh with you about the burglars, but you see how I was fixed—father got poorly, and I couldn't think of nothin' but him—but you won't lay it up again me, Clarissy, now will you?"

"But Cora Dallas?" gasped the astonished widow. "I've told everybody she took it."

"Then you and I must go round and explain matters to everybody, that's all," said the farmer.

And Mrs. Peckington began to cry.

"Poor Cora," she sobbed, "poor motherless child! I could bite out my tongue when I think what wicked things I have spoken with it. But I'll go right over there and beg her pardon, and George's too."

Cora Merrilton forgave Mrs. Peckington much more sweetly and readily than her husband could bring himself to do—and she even came over to help the widow make wedding cake for her own matrimonial benefit.

"For, of course, I knew it would all be set right sooner or later," said Cora, cheerfully, "and we'll let by-gones be by-gones."

And the widow solaced her conscience by presenting Mrs. Cora with just half the contents of the mischievous leather bag for a wedding present.

A Touching Incident.

The Cincinnati *Commercial*, speaking of the closing scenes in the administration of Governor Noyes, of Ohio, and of the inauguration of Governor Allen, says:

Hundreds of guests had called, and scores were calling, to say their good-bys to Governor Noyes. Among those who entered the chamber, however, was an old man, thin, wrinkled, pale, and gray-haired, and much bent by age and manifest suffering. He timidly asked to see the Governor, who stepped aside to a window with him. The old man said he would have called before, but had been sick. He came at that late hour to make an appeal for the pardon of an erring son who had been confined in the Penitentiary for seven years, and who had three more to serve.

"What is the name of your son?" asked the Governor. The old man gave it. Governor Noyes then, without making him any definite reply, requested him to step into his private room and wait till he was at leisure. The fact was, the pardon had been granted early that morning, and the old man's daughter had already gone to carry the pardon to her brother and accompany him from the Penitentiary to the Governor's office. In a few minutes the liberated man arrived with his sister, neither expecting to find the other there, and the father not dreaming that the pardon had already been granted. One can readily imagine the scene as the Governor conducted the two to his private room. The son flew to his father and embraced him, and then, flinging his arms around the Governor's neck, covered his face with kisses. The old man, overcome by the great happiness of the moment, sank into his chiar, sobbing like a child.

There were no dry eyes in that room, and those who, a few minutes later, were talking and chatting with the retiring Governor in the reception room, little imagined in what a touchingly pathetic scene he had been a participant. The liberated man has a wife, and child eight years old, a sister, and aged parents. It will be a pleasant reflection during his lifetime to General Noyes that it was one of the last acts of his executive power to fill one household with the sunshine of happiness, and restore the beloved one long separated from them, who had fearfully condoled for his crime.

Women's Wages.

The New York *Star*, noting the fact that the highest average wages paid to women in the better class of employments into which they are crowded is $7 a week, admits that upon this sum a woman with no one depending upon her, and with health and strength, can find a home, wholesome food, and have enough left for modest clothing.

But she must be attractively clothed, and economizes, therefore, where it will least show.

She goes without clothing sufficient for decency or warmth, the editor says; she wears altered underclothes or none, ragged stockings or worn-out shoes. She does not do this without shame and concealment, at least at first; but in every struggle which enables her to do it she loses that which she never can regain.

A widow with children, on the same easy, abandoned at the outset everything beyond mere existence, and a home in a dark, greasy tenement house, surrounded by low and vicious inmates.

The extra penny on a pail of coal, a frozen potato in the measure, brings tears to her eyes. She is not clothed; she is only covered. If she has a husband and he at home idle, her fate is only so much the worse; there is another mouth to feed—that of a strong though helpless man. To keep one's faith in God, to hold one's self-respect, to be true to the better instincts of true womanhood is all that the strongest can do. He who helps the widow and the fatherless in times like these, says the *Star*, takes the place of the Divine Master; he who lays a straw in the path of any serves well and faithfully the devil himself.

No Place for Him.

A very singular present has been made to the aquarium of the Jardin d'Acclimitization at Paris. It is a medusa polyp, which, on the day after its entry into the pool assigned it, had created a void around it, and skillfully got rid of all its neighbors. How? This was a mystery until the water of the pool was analyzed. The water was found to be converted into a solution of vinegar, and it was apparent that it was one of those very rare mollusks, the vinegar polyp, whose body, upon its being immersed in pure water, presently gives forth a strongly characterized acetic solution. The working of this animal is very curious. It produces alcohol, which it transforms into vinegar. The poisonous mollusk was, of course, quickly withdrawn, and placed in clarified vinegar in a closed jar, where it will pursue undisturbed the economical manufacture of vinegar.

A Faithful Agent.

The present Duke of Hamilton, William Alexander Louis Stephen, is the twelfth. He was born in 1833, and is now consequently in his forty-first year. His father married in 1823 the Princess Marie of Baden, cousin of Napoleon III. At the early age of eighteen, the present duke succeeded to the great possessions which constitute the inheritance of the house of Hamilton, Hamilton palace with its associations and traditions of centuries, crowded with the treasures of art, of luxury and taste, standing in its magnificent domain of 50,000 acres; Brodrick Castle, on the island of Arran, with the fee of almost the entire soil of that romantic and beautiful island; extensive property in Linlithgowshire, Stirlingshire and Bute; the English estate of Easton Park, in the county of Suffolk, with their enormous revenue, with the care of their management, and the responsibility of their administration, fell into the hands of the young heir at an age when by law he was incapable of making a binding contract. The young duke was very soon surrounded by associates who themselves ruined, flattered and cajoled him, lured him to the race-course and betting-room, and before he obtained his majority had borrowed his name for thousands; money lenders and usurers hunted him, and the losses and extravagancies of others involved him in liabilities which seriously embarrassed even his colossal fortune. It was little to be wondered at that in the course of a very few years the pecuniary affairs of the Duke of Hamilton were known to be in inextricable confusion. Actions and judgments in England, sequestrations in Scotland, followed in rapid sucession. The rent roll was insufficient to meet accumulating emergencies, and the owner of these vast possessions was without an income adequate to support his position. Affairs were at a dead lock. The trustees appointed by the duke's father to administer the estate, men of honor and high position, were incompetent to deal with the financial pressure of the moment. At this overwhelming crisis, by the wish of the duke and the consent of all parties interested, the trusteeship was resigned, and the means of extrication from the then almost hopeless state of affairs were confided to an agent of great financial resources and experience. To him also was intrusted the exclusive management and control of the property, and it is but justice to Henry Padwick to state that by his faithful and judicious stewardship of these princely estates, he has so improved them, by developing their mineral and other resources, that the incumbrances have been entirely extinguished; that all the personal engagements of the duke, whether his own or for others, have been honorably discharged; that a rental of £140,00 a year has been secured; and the result of his seven years' personal administration has been to place the possessions of the duke in the foremost rank of the richest inheritance of England.

Didn't Shoot to Kill.

A very strange case recently came up in the courts of Cumberland, Md. John Coleman loved Orpha Miller, and they were engaged. For some reason the marriage was delayed nearly a year, when Orpha thought better of it and gave Coleman his dismissal. She received other suitors, whereat Coleman became enraged and threatened to kill his rivals. On the morning of Monday, August 26, last, he met Miss Miller in a path in the woods, about half a mile from her her home, as she was going to a neighbor's. He asked her to sit down talk with him, which she did. The interview lasted six hours, and was no doubt one of those replete with reproaches, explanations and forgivings that may have experienced and modern novelists delight to sketch. Finding his case apparently hopeless, he produced a revolver and asked her to shoot him or he would shoot her. As she turned to look away the weapon was discharged, the ball entering near the centre of the breast, inflicting a very dangerous but not fatal wound. She fell to the ground, and Coleman started off and went home, hiding his pistol on the way under some bushes. Miss Miller lay there about three hours, when she sufficiently revived to get upon her feet and managed to walk, though slowly, about half the distance to her home, then meeting a farmer who assisted her the rest of the way. Her situation was critical for several days, but a strong constitution successfully withstood the shock and she recovered. Strange to say, the parties have become reconciled, and though Miss Miller still refuses to marry Coleman, she asserts that the shooting was accidental. The case for the defense was conducted with a view to work upon the sensibilities of the jury, and the would-be assassin was aquitted.

A Comma that Cost $2,000,000.

The importance of correct punctuation was strongly illustrated at a meeting of the Ways and Means Committee of the United States House of Representatives, when it was shown that a comma in one place was worth $2,000,000. In the tariff bill which went into effect August 1, 1872, the free list was extended by the addition of several hundred articles. Among the number was "fruit plants, tropical and semi-tropical," for the purpose of propagation and cultivation. In engrossing the bill, or in the process of copying it for official printing, a comma was inserted after "fruit," and all fruit was thereby placed upon the free list. The customs officers, however, not noticing the change, continued to collect duties on fruit until the error was discovered. The Ways and Means Committee have now agreed to report a bill to remove the comma, in accordance with the intent of the law of 1872. The amount of tax illegally collected is not far from $2,000,000.

Cost of Living in Boston.

Items taken from the husband's diary for the week:

Monday—Bought 3 lbs. mutton shoulder, 12c.	36
1 peck of potatoes	30
7 lbs. flour, 7c.	49
Tuesday—Cold mutton	..
Wednesday—Hashed mutton	..
Thursday—Soup from the bones	..
Friday—1 lb. mutton loin	10
Saturday and Sunday—1 lb. beef steak, round	20
Salt and pepper, 2c.; tea, 2 ozs., 5c.; sugar, ½ lb. 4c.; milk, 21c; lights, 10c.	42
Coal, 280 lbs., at $12	$1.48
House rent	3.00
	$6.35
Total expenses for subsistence and shelter for one year	$330 20

Note by wife.—Our fuel is burned in two stoves, our coal hods are filled every morning and must last through each day. To regulate the consumption, we have two sticks of unequal lengths; these are used to measure the emptiness of the coal hods. When noon comes the first stick must just reach the level of the coal in each hod. The second stick is to adjust the amount to be burned from noon until four o'clock in the afternoon. The quantity remaining in each hod after that must last until we retire.

On Thursday by inadvertence the drafts in the stoves were kept open too long, and evening found us without coal in the hods, and as our family is regulated by a perfect system, it was not allowable to take more coal from the bin (all defalcations result from Thursday taking a part of Friday's coal), consequently the baby caught cold. By Friday a bad case of croup was developed, and on Saturday morning our little darling passed on. As the head of the family was returning homeward on Friday evening he not ticed a piece of paper suitable for kindling in the gutter, and stooping to pick it up he slipped and irremediably tore his panlaloons. So that our

1. Expenses for the week as shown before are	$6 35
2. Expenses for new pantaloons	8 00
3. Funeral expenses and expenses of last sickness of infant	30 00
	$44 35

or at the rate for one year of $2.306 20.

My husband claims the second item to be the result of an accident, and the third item he considers as one of the mysterious dispensations of Providence which mortals may not investigate.

For my part, and confidentially, Mr. Editor, I do wish you would publish some plan of life which would give us a little more variety for our bill of fare; and also, if you can consistently do so, advise the fathers of families not to adhere too strictly to a preconceived system of living, and thus save for many a fond mother the presence of little ones, who are darling treasuses, even if they know naught about the harmonies of a perfect code of domestic economy.—*Boston Journal.*

A Temperance Turnout.

In response to the appeal of the Woman's Temperance Association of Hillsboro, Ohio, to the women of Highland County, that village, says a letter, was the scene of the most gigantic temperance demonstration probably ever witnessed in Ohio. Early in the forenoon the crowd began to pour in, in buggies, in wagons, in expresses, sleighs, jumpers, and sleds; on horseback and by cars. They streamed in on every street until the town was swarming, seeming to be overflowing with the mass of vehicles, horses, and human beings.

Never since war times had so many persons congregated on our streets. The sleighing was excellent. It was a pleasant day. Everything was favorable, and everybody happy except the "whisky men." About eleven o'clock the multitude made its way to the Presbyterian church, where a stirring meeting was held and several speeches made, among them one by Van Pelt, of Vienna, once the "wickedest man in Ohio," now an effective worker for the temperance cause. The visitors were conducted to a bounteous lunch prepared by the women of Hillsboro in the basement of the church, to which ample and summary justice was done. At half-past one P. M. the town hall was filled, crammed, and jammed for further exercises. Van Pelt claims that the women have adopted the right plan, and that they cannot fail if they persevere. He said he could stand as much as any other man, but the prayers of the women were too much for him.

In Logan, Ohio, forty-six ladies appeared in the streets and began their work upon the saloons. In the afternoon their number was increased to eighty, and their success was quite encouraging for the first day. All the druggists signed the druggists' pledge at once, and some inroads have been made upon the "low places."

A New Hampshire Hero.

There is a true hero living at North Boscawen, N. H., and his name is Jonathan Plummer. It will be remembered that in the summer of 1871 an old building at that place suddenly settled, and one corner of it swayed over on the railroad track. The passenger train was due in a few minutes, and this Mr. Plummer, a young and active trackman, discovering the danger, promptly seized an axe and cut off a post of the building in order to swing the structure from the track. He accomplished his purpose, and endeavored to leap from his dangerous position, but was crushed and mangled in the ruins. In a moment the train, behind time, swept by with its passengers in safety. The brave section man was found to have been terribly injured in his spinal column and lower limbs, and to this day has never been able to leave his bed. The railroad company has furnished a cottage at North Boscawen for himself and wife, and continue him at half pay upon the section-roll. Mr. Plummer is free from pain only a small part of the time, but in his misfortune he exhibits a patience and cheerfulness that stamp him with the highest nobility.—*Boston Journal.*

Duration of Criminal Trials.

In ancient times trials never lasted beyond a day. Mr. Burke said trial by jury was unfit for cases which did not lie within the compass of a day; and it was not until modern times that they lasted longer. In the case of Lord George Gordon, in 1781, Lord Mansfield sat from eight in the morning until five next morning, and, as long as he and the jury were able to sit, he felt himself bound in law to do so. But when trials came to last several days, it was physically impossible.

In the case of Elizabeth Canning, tried for perjury, and which excited immense interest, the trial lasted fifteen days. In the State trials for treason in 1794, Thelwall's lasted four days, Horne Tooke's six, and Hardy's nine days. Of course in such cases it was physically impossible to sit on without intermission, and accordingly Lord Kenyon and the judges resolved that they had power to adjourn, but only, as Lord Kenyon stated, on the ground of actual physical necessity. This was laid down in 1796, and in 1819 Lord Tenterden applied the same rule to trials for misdemeanor.

Until the Tichborne case, no one had ever conceived that there was power to adjourn a criminal trial for any other cause; and a long train of judges—Gurney, Cresswell, Wightman, Willes, and Watson—held that it was inadmissible to adjourn for purposes of evidence, though it might be admissible to suspend the trial for a short time for the attendance of witnesses in consequence of some unavoidable accident. Even in civil cases adjournment is only allowed by a statute passed in 1854, and that statute does not apply to criminal cases. The adjournment in the Tichborne case for the purposes of evidence are therefore unprecedented in British law, especially the first adjournment, which was not for the attendance of witnesses, but for the discovery of new evidence.

Stealing a Bride.

The raid against the brigands of Thessaly by the Turkish troops seems to be carried on with energy by Mehemet Ali and his subordinates, and expectations are fondly entertained of the complete extermination before long of these interesting ruffians. In the meantime, the adventures of the brigands are well worth the attention of sensational novelists, who will seldom find a more favorable opportunity for gathering elastic materials which may be easily stretched to the length of three volumes by the exercise of a little ingenuity.

The hero of the hour in Thessaly is the brigand chief Stratzo, who lately distinguished himself by carrying off the bride from the midst of a nuptial procession, and who is now the object of hot pursuit by the Turkish troops. The bride who was thus abstracted is, it is stated, a young lady of no inconsiderable personal attractions, who had trifled with Stratzo's affections by receiving numerous gifts from him, and consequently, according to the notions of the country, had no right to bestow her hand upon any one but the brigand. It is probable that she was not altogether unwilling to be carried off by Stratzo, who after her abduction departed with her to Olympus, where he remained for some time secure from the pursuit of Mehemet Ali Pasha. He subsequently, however, was imprudent enough to descend into the plain, and the Turkish general having learned that he was hiding in the district of Allassonia, sent ninety men to scour that part of the country; but Stratzo and his band had again given the soldiers the slip, and taken up their winter quarters on the other side of Olympus, where the authorities possess far less energy and determination than the Turkish general.

Alpine Lakes.

Although Professor Gastaldi, of Turin, after a careful study of the Italian Alps, has adopted Professor Ramsey's view of the excavation of Alpine lake basins by ice, Sir Charles Lyell is strongly opposed to that view. He maintains that they have been produced by changes of level in valleys, producing depressions which have been preserved during the glacial epoch by being filled with ice; while at other times they were either soon filled by debris, or their lower barriers were cut down as fast as they were formed. He then accounts for the fact that lakes only occur in any abundance in glaciated districts. He further maintains that the erosive power of glaciers, as indicated by the muddy torrent that always issues from them, has been overrated, because "the flower of rock" thus produced is due, not solely to the wearing down of the floor of the valley, but to a considerable extent to the grinding up of the stones which fall upon the glacier and are engulfed in its crevasses.—*Nature.*

Brutal Massacre.

A brutal massacre of Chinese has recently taken place in Costa Rica. Some of the men employed on the railroad had offended the chief of the camp, an irascible Frenchman named Lafeychine, in consequence of which he thrashed them with a whip. The Chinese resented this treatment, and drove all the white men out of their camp, whereupon one of the contractors named Meyers, in his fright, telegraphed to Cartago for troops. A force of thirty-five drunken soldiers consequently arrived in the middle of the night, and at once proceeded to fire into a body of 300 Chinese, as they lay asleep in their tents. Six were killed and nine others mortally wounded. The officer in charge is now to be tried by court-martial, and the residents are regretting this episode in the history of the Costa Rica Railroad. But there is no redress for the Chinese.

Facts and Fancies.

Breach of good manners—For ruin to stare you in the face.

The names of the battles of the revolution do not appear on the regimental flags of England.

The glorious songster of the Southern forests, the mocking-bird, is said to be in danger of extirpation.

Lancaster, Pa., annually produces one and one-fourth barrels of beer per capita for each inhabitant.

Governor Kemper of Virginia proposes to abolish the ornamental office "aide to the Governor."

When your pocket gets empty, and everybody knows it, you can put all your friends into it, and it will not bulge out worth a farthing.

Nothing, a Boston paper declares, will kill a man as quick as whisky. The Boston paper has never been nominated, we suppose, for chief-justice.

A Dr. Griswold has made a test of all the illuminating oils sold by dealers in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and reports that he failed to find any that was not dangerous.

A characteristic crime was committed at Cincinnati, the other day, in the theft of 18 swine by a fellow who cooly drove them from a public stock yard through the heart of the city.

The horse upon which General Zollicoffer was killed is still alive and owned by a gentleman of Warren county, Kentucky. Though old, just tap a drum if you want to see him prance.

A testimonial consisting of a rose colored Irish poplin dress and a suit of Irish point lace, was presented to Madame Titiens in Dublin the other day as a mark of appreciation from the Irish people.

Illinois locomotive engineers are now criminally punished for willfully running into and injuring a domestic animal, and for mischievously blowing their whistles for the purpose of frightening any horse.

The Methusaleh of horses is still living, hearty, fat and active, in South Durham, Vt. He is the property of a Mrs. Pinkham, and in his 42d year. Every fair Sunday he may be seen on his way to church—an example to all old horses.

Milton had a most vixenish wife. It might have added to his comfort to have been deaf instead of blind. To flatter his wife, Buckingham once called her a rose. "I am no judge of colors," replied the poet, "and it may be, for"—he added with a sigh—"I feel the thorns daily.

Japanese officials are beginning to try their hands at proclamations in the English language. Here is an example: "The trees cutting, birds and beasts killing, and cows and horses setting in free at the ground belonging to the Government are prohibited.

(Signed) OSAKA FU."

The following is a copy of a petition now being circulated in Massachusetts for signature: "We, the undersigned, citizens of Massachusetts, and consumers of tobacco, protest against any advance in the rate of tax on what we consider one of the necessaries of life and a great help in the temperance reform now going on in this State."

Young Spriggs sailed into his employer's office one morning, followed by a small dog he had brought down town with him. "What's that, Mr. Spriggs?" growled Dobster, Sr., "a dog?" "Yes, sir," said Spriggs, "he's a cross between a Scotch terrier and a black and tan." "Well," rejoined Dobster, Sr., "he's a cross that I can't bear," and thereupon kicks him out of the door.

Old Bob, a black horse owned in Hartford, was hitched to a watering cart. The girth gave away in an attempt to back the cart to its place, and as the water was heavier than the horse the cart dropped and the shafts rose, the horse going with them, hanging by his neck, his hind feet two or three feet from the ground. The animal struggled and kicked in terror. He was rescued from his dangerous situation after much trouble. When he touched the ground, the poor beast stood for a moment apparently bewildered, and then recovering himself, he looked round among his rescuers and approaching them quietly rubbed his nose against the shoulders of the one who was most active in saving him.

Remarkable Longevity.

During the year 1873 fifty-two persons over ninety years old died in New Hampshire. Of these one was one hundred and two years, one month, and twenty days; one was one hundred years, one month, and nineteen days; one was ninety-nine years and ten months; three were over ninety-eight, one over ninety-seven, one over ninety-six, four were more than ninety-five, eight were more than ninety-four, four over ninety-three, ten over ninety-two, five over ninety-one, and the remainder were in their ninety-first year. Twenty-one of these were females. The united ages of the fifty-two amounted to four thousand eight hundred and fifty-four years, ten months, and ten days, making an average of more than ninety-three years. No record is made of any one even one day short of ninety.

When Water is Good.

An English technical periodical points out an easy way of testing whether water is good and fit for general use. It says:

"Good water should be free from color, unpleasant odor and taste, and should quickly afford a lather with a small portion of soap. If half a pint of the water be placed in a perfectly clean, colorless, glass-stoppered bottle, a few grains of the best white lump sugar added, and the bottle freely exposed to the daylight in the window of a warm room, the liquid should not become turbid, even after exposure for a week or ten days. If the water becomes turbid it is open to the grave suspicion of sewage contamination, but if it remain clear it is almost certainly safe. We owe to Heisch this simple, valuable, but hitherto strangely neglected test."